

*The Historie*

*Prin.* Come hether Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long hast thou to serue Frances?

*Fran.* Forsooth, fiue yecres, and as much as to.

*Poi.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* Fiue yeare, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shewe it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my hart.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.

*Prin.* How old art thou Frances?

*Fran.* Let me see, about Michellmas next I shalbe.

*Poin.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon sir, pray stay a little my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, twas a peniworth, wast not?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prin.* Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday, or indeede Fraunces when thou wilt. But Fraunces.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this leathern Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smothe tongue, spanish pouch?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prin.* Why then your brown bastard is your only drinker: for looke you Fraunces, your white canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What sir? *Poin.* Frances.

*Prin.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them cal.

*Here they both cal him, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go.* *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What standst thou stil and hearst such a calling? looke

*of Henrie the fourth.*

to the guests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shal I let them in?

*Pri.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poin.*

*Poi.* Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poin.*

*Prince.* Sirrha, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merrie?

*Po.* As merry as Crickets my lad, but harke ye, what cunning march haue you made with this iest of the Drawer: come whats the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors since the oulde dayes of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. Whats a clocke Frances?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Pr.* That euer this fellowe should haue fewer wordes then a Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and down staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percyes minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills mee some fixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast: washes his handes, and saies to his wife, fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how manie hast thou kild to day? Giue my roane horse a drench (saies hee) and answeres some foureteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preethe call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkarde: call in Ribs, cal in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bin?

*Falst.* A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Eare I lead this life long, ile sowneatherstocks and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*be drinketh.*

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes, if thou didst, then behold that compound.